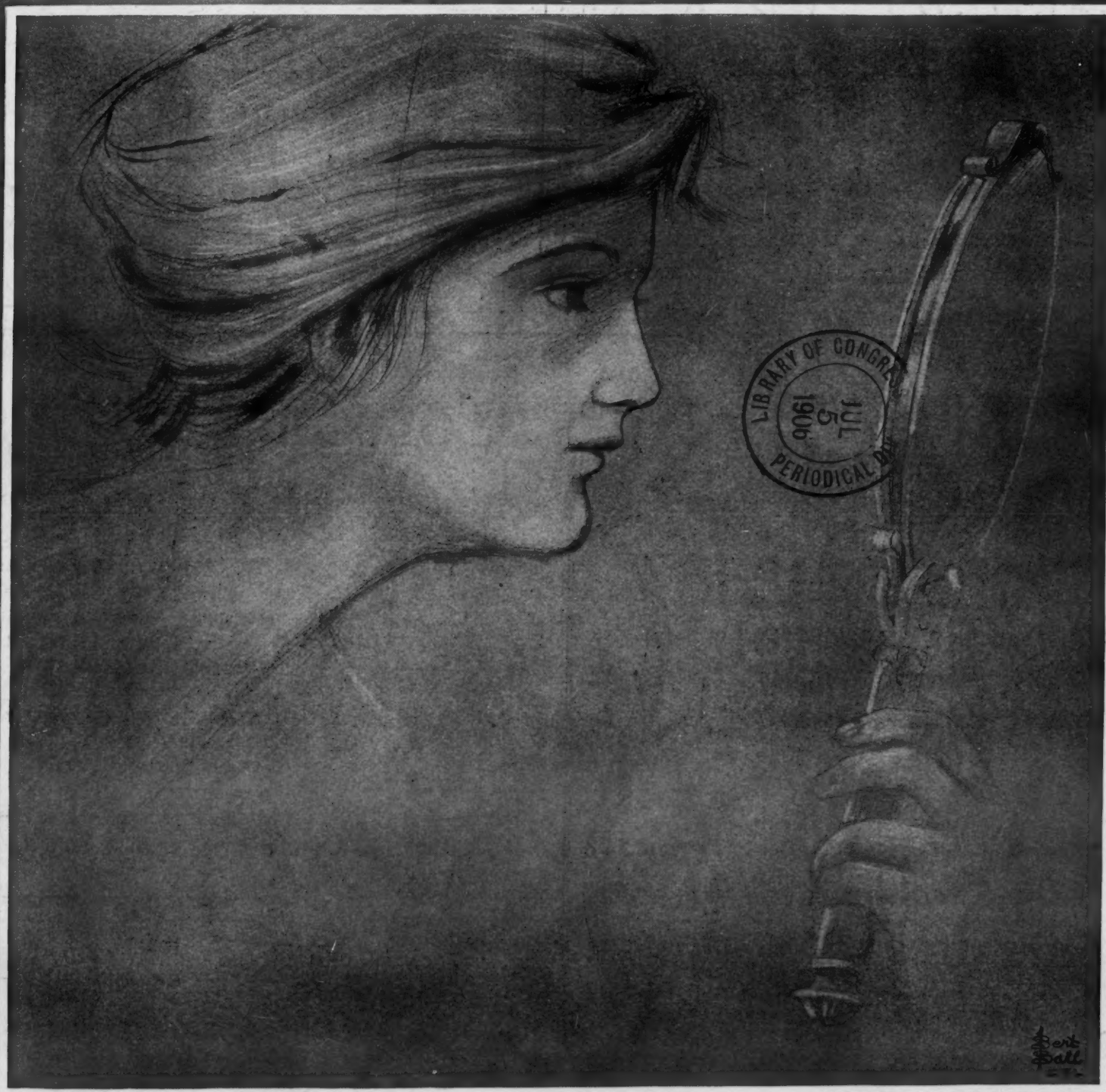


THURSDAY, JULY 5, 1906.

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THE MIRROR

ST. LOUIS



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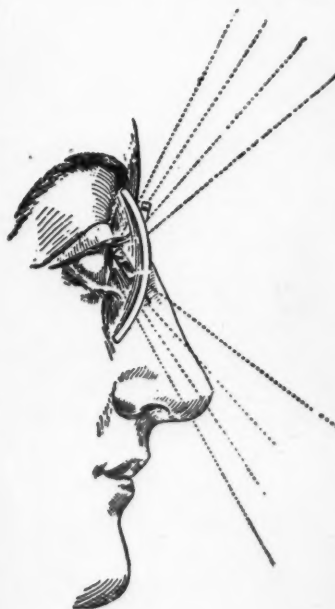
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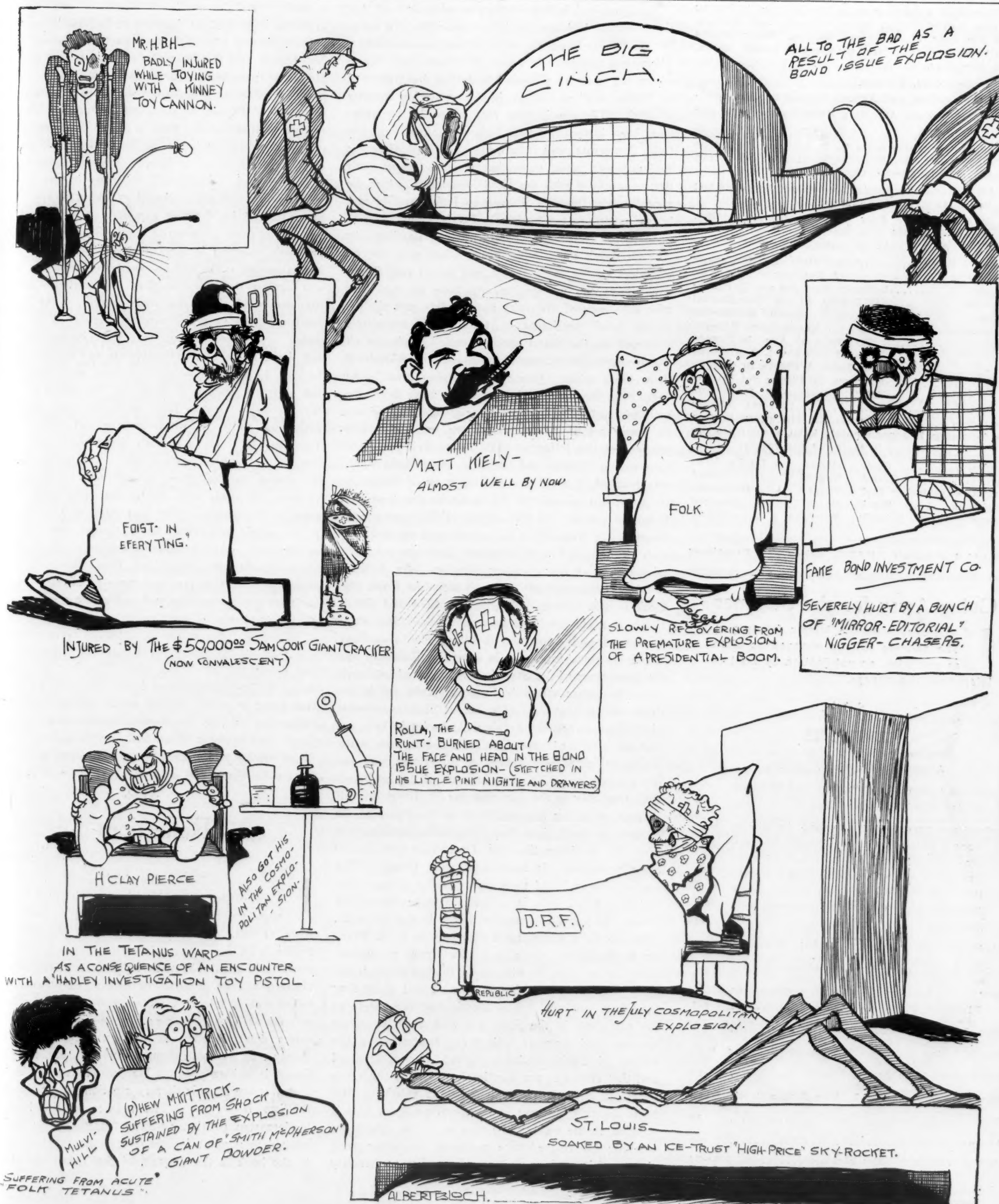


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WILLIAM MARION REEDY, Editor and Proprietor

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THE MIRROR

A Job for "Silver Dick's" Boy

By William Marion Reedy

THAT gang in this State which sits up nights thinking of things to do to "Joe" Folk must have had falling of the jaw when it read that the Governor had appointed Theodor Bland a member of the St. Louis Board of Police Commissioners. The young appointee is a son of "Silver Dick" Bland whom the gang as aforesaid has often been accused of "selling out" at Chicago in the sweltering summer of 1896. The appointment cuts under the men who have been insinuating that Folk was allied with the Gold Democrats, and it happens along just after the evidence was made plain that it is the gang itself that is working with the Gold Democrats, when the gang brought David R. Francis to Jefferson City early last month to put a plug in Folk's alleged aspirations to the Democratic Presidential nomination. As if Folk didn't know what every other man not an idiot has known for the past two years; that Bryan could have the nomination any time he said he'd take it. Implied disloyalty upon Folk's part to "the divine ratio" sentiment or tradition is completely answered by the Bland appointment. It pleases all the fire-proof Democrats of the State. It will please them more when young Bland "goes after" and "gets" the bucket-shop keepers who have been the political, and possibly, the financial mainstay of the St. Louis member of the "gang," the young man who publicly, at the Jefferson Club, smashed Bryan's picture, saying "he's a dead one," the night Rolla Wells was counted in as Mayor. This gang of highbinders has taken to itself all the credit for the boom for Bryan just now. As if Governor Folk were not in closer touch with Bryan, now and ever since Folk's own election as Circuit Attorney, than any members of the gang or ring could possibly be. As if Bryan could possibly trust his cause to men like Cook and Dockery and Hawes and "Jim" Orchard and Frank Farris in preference to a man like Folk. The claim of Hawes and Cook and Dockery that they have "fixed his clock for Folk" is absurd. Folk still has the Democracy of the State in the hollow of his hand. When he makes a speech the people turn out in ten thousands to hear him. The recent State convention of the Democracy did Folk's will absolutely in every slightest detail of procedure, and did it, too, without being bribed with offices or threatened with police persecution. The appointment of young Bland, with emphasis on the fact that the St. Louis lid will be kept on, shows the gang that has been playing the brewers for funds, just what Folk thinks of them, just how far he fears that the Democracy out in the State repudiates his saloon-regulating policy. The instructions to Bland to close the bucket shops shows just how much Folk is inclined to make terms with Hawes, who is the champion of the bucket shoppers, from the Cella Commission Company to D. R. Francis & Brothers. Folk is in the Bryan procession, away up in front, blowing on a shining silver trumpet. The gang may fret and sweat and claim they have him "corked." The fact is that the people of the party out in the State are with Folk as strong as ever, and stronger with every realization of the efforts of Cook, Dockery, Hawes, Farris, Orchard and that crowd to put him in the hole. Folk is not the most attractive man in Missouri politics. But he is the only big man in Democratic politics who is sticking to the right as he sees it. The others are working for revived race gambling, for lobby graft as perquisites of committee offices, for penitentiary

contracts, for a chance to compromise more beer tax suits, for a St. Louis police force that shall again divide spoil with panel thieves, for a chance to handle a big fund to be gathered from the brewers to "lift the lid." Folk may be wrong as to his lid—the MIRROR doesn't like the lid a little bit—but he is not a grafter, and he isn't the friend of any lawless grafters, individual or incorporated. He is not in politics "as an attorney"—for what and whom?—as Mr. Hawes told the *Republic* he was late last month. He didn't preside at the payment of a bribe. He has never handed over to anyone a snap contract at the "pen." There's no alum taste about him. There's no record that he ever took a fee as Secretary of a party committee to induce a Governor to kill or to sign a bill in which a heavy campaign contributor was interested. He hasn't come up in the world, so far as he has, on quick-rising baking powder. He never lobbied for the race gamblers at Jefferson City nor helped them to defy the law in St. Louis County. He isn't courting brewers for backing for a coming campaign. He had no connection with the lawsuit against the *Republic* that was settled for "a dignified sum" from unknown sources. He hasn't sued for libel to get a verdict that defied the evidence. All these things that Folk is not, or has not done, make him preferable to any of the members of the gang whose records show they have used the party to plunder or profit off the people. Therefore, it doesn't matter how offish, self-centered, self-conscious, chilly, or whatever else you may allege, Folk may be. He is morally better than these concocters of the fight against him. His party loyalty is strong, as the Bland appointment shows. He is more in touch with the decent spirit and sentiment of the people. The best thing about him still is the people and things he is against, and that are against him. And his appointment to office of Silver Dick Bland's boy, just at this time, shows the passionate devotees of the lost cause of silver—lost till the next panic comes around—where he stands as regards the principles that are identified with the fame of Bland and the name of Bryan. Here's hoping that this job for Silver Dick's boy will show us that boy doing for St. Louis what Theodore Roosevelt did as Police Commissioner in the City of New York, and doing it chiefly to the crook sympathizers and supporters of the St. Louis representative of the gang. As between Bland and Hawes in St. Louis—Silver Dick's boy against the CAT!—how will rural Missouri's sympathies go? Don't all answer at once.

Reflections

"Coniston"

IF our own Winston Churchill's novel, "Coniston" (Macmillans, New York), were half as long it were twice as good, and it's not so bad, as a story, at that. But it isn't as good as Mr. Churchill thinks it is, for never tale more revealed authorial swell head than this, with its conversational discursiveness and its promises or threats, of other novels to come about minor characters in this one. "Coniston" will do, as a narrative; as a novel—no. The characters don't function themselves. Mr. Churchill simply tells us about them. *Jethro Bass*, the chief figure, is written about. He doesn't live. The two *Cynthias* are anemic literary creations, as etiolated as *William Wetherell*. The politics of the book is kindergarten politics, and the "mortgage" is unduly exalted to account for all *Jethro's* power. Best thing in the book is the passage of the Truro bill at the

Woodchuck session; after that, the protest against dropping *Cynthia* as a teacher. The interview between *Ephraim* and *President Grant* is a flat-fallen trick. The book is Mr. Churchill's most ambitious attempt. It is a failure as a work of art. There's an amateurishness of some parts that is inexcusable in a fourth book by a successful author of two "best sellers." "Coniston" is not up to expectation, not up to past performance. The reason why is not far to seek. The author, in writing it, was too stuck on himself. The many will like the story. The discerning will diagnose it for what it is—a bad fall-down. The bright spots in it are not in the places they should be. They are incidental, not essential. And this will be the permanent verdict after the advertising stops.

❖❖

Canned Agonies

We are all worked up over the bad meat question as a result of Upton Sinclair's "The Jungle." We are hit in the stomach and in the purse. Yet nothing is said of the real motive of the book, which is the slavery of the working people in the slaughter-houses of "Packington." We don't care about the body-wrecking, soul-destroying oppression of the men and women, boys and girls who packed the diseased meats. Oh, no! What does anyone care for the workers? But we are fearsomely squeamish about our own bellies. The worst things put into the "tins" in Chicago are the heart-break, the deflowered virtue, the agony and squalor of the poor creatures forced to slave in the bloody hells at starvation wages. But how little we see of reference to this in the daily papers. Sinclair rang the bell all right with his "Jungle" shot, but not on the target at which he aimed.

❖❖

Honest People

THE people are honest. Only one man in St. Louis, out of 700,000, refused to pay a bill to the Plumbers' Trust, well knowing that the collection of no bill from a trust could be legally enforced. We don't "welch" in this old town. We don't plead the baby act. The bill that can't be collected is still the debt of honor. But all the same, the Trusts don't like Judge Ryan's decision. They fear that the people may begin to seize all legal means of not paying bills they don't want to pay, just as the Trust themselves do every day in the year.

❖❖

"Oil and Gas on the Francis Farm" is a *Republic* headline. If Dave's on the farm, why, certainly.

❖❖

A Labor Candidate

CONGRESSMAN HUNT is to try for re-election in the Eleventh Missouri District as a Labor candidate. He should win for the sake of old times. For many years John J. O'Neill, of that district, was Labor's champion in Congress, and head of the Labor Committee, and he didn't lose out until he made the mistake of wearing evening clothes to an afternoon reception in Washington. Hunt should come very near to winning this year, if there's anything positive in popular discontent.

❖❖

No bucket-shop Congressmen from St. Louis.

❖❖

Improving

HAVE you noticed it? The *Republic* has waked up and is getting in the journalistic game after a long moribundity. It is printing more news than at any time since the departure of Col. Jones, and it is printing that news in better shape. It is no longer a front-page-only newspaper. But its editorials are

frightful. They must be written with a hypodermic syringe for a fountain pen. Of course it's not easy to write good editorials upon and about the things and people the *Republic* rejoices to represent. They are not inspiring. Once there was a man who wrote for the *Republic's* editorial page. A friend met a reporter on the staff and asked about the unfortunate man. "Oh," was the reply, "he has quit our editorial staff and is now engaged in literary work." Further inquiry revealed the fact that he had become sheet-writer to a bookmaker.

❖❖

JAMES Y. PLAYER appears to have scotched and killed the scheme for the city to purchase the old Fair Grounds, for \$767,000 more than it is worth, from the Cella crowd. "Jim" Player doesn't belong to "the bucket brigade."

❖❖

It's unanimous! Joseph Pulitzer indorses Theodore Roosevelt, in the main.

❖❖

DOWN with the drunken chauffeur. Or else, some fine day, he will fall into the hands of a crowd and it will be: "Up with him!"

❖❖

A Printing Job

'Tis good to be a party organ. The *Republic* gets the city printing at about eleven times the rate that was bid by the *World* and the *Record*. The snap was just turned over to the administration's mouthpiece as the result of a trick. The *Record*, which is not a newspaper, bid for the work at a figure low enough to beat the *World*, which is a newspaper. It looks as if the other papers had gotten the *Record* to bid in order to cut off the revenue from the struggling *World*, certain that the *Record*, being only a bald roster of mortgages, failures, law suits and court proceedings, could not be regarded as a newspaper, and reasonably sure that the contract would not be awarded finally to that concern. The *Republic*, as the only big daily that could afford to take the printing, was handed the job. It will get a nice sum of money for its work pending another letting. The *World*, as the next lowest bidder to the *Record*, should, under all the rules of contract letting, have had the work, but the City Hall wouldn't stand for that, because Col. Ed. Butler is supposed to be the chief owner of the *World*. A big city job is turned over to the Mayor's friends, when it should legally have gone to the Mayor's enemies. But Wells and his gang are so respectable, don't you know.

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'Tis a world of woe. Here are the dry-goods-men telling us that long gloves are millions short of the demand.

❖❖

"AND his smile it was childlike and Bland" when Gov. Folk was talking to those who were talking for other candidates.

❖❖

Landlord Cruelty in Frisco

THE San Francisco *Argonaut* still wants to know what became of the twenty odd millions of dollars subscribed as relief for that city. It says that the authorities there are still "trying to stave off starvation from a hundred thousand destitute refugees." It quotes General Greely's warning to Mayor Schmitz "that by the first of next November, before the rains begin, the authorities should erect wooden barracks to house seventy-five thousand persons." After capitulating certain sums of money known still to be in the hands of subscription committees in New York, Chicago

and other places, the *Argonaut* says: "But at the best it is only six or seven hundred thousand dollars. What is that in the face of the appalling situation which confronts us? Let those unfamiliar with the facts go through the stricken city of San Francisco today. Let them see the scores of thousands of people dwelling under the tents in parks, squares and vacant lots, and on the Government reservations surrounding the city. Let them gaze on the melancholy lines of men, women and children waiting to receive food, clothing and shoes at the various relief stations. Let them reflect on how little hope there is for these hapless, helpless thousands for many months to come. Let them ponder over the fact that these sufferers must still be wards of the charitable, wards of the benevolent, wards of those more fortunate than themselves all over the United States. And when they think of those things, and when they remember that the freely gushing fountains of benevolence flowing from all over the United States a few weeks ago were checked by the false reports of hysteric boomers, they can hardly find words strong enough, bitter enough to express their condemnation of such folly." The boomers did it. What boomers? The real estate men, the landlords, anxious to boost site values. Raising the prices of land in the midst of a starving community. Stopping the flow of charity. Why? To force the miserable, ruined people to let go of more sites to land monopolists. If the single tax were in application at the Golden Gate, there would not be this grabbing of land, hence no booming to stop the help the country was willing to extend. The land grabbers have profited by intensifying the sufferings of the San Franciscans. Their "boom" is based on misery. Relief work was checked to take advantage of land speculation. And in the city where Henry George wrote the immortal book that forever exposed the sin and shame of dispossessing the people of the land that belongs to all!

❖❖

DOUBTFUL if any other "philanthropic" Pittsburg millionaire has done anything better than the terrible deed of young Harry Thaw.

❖❖

OUR Mayor is said to be in training for a Democratic nomination for Governor. Looks like a juicy prospect for the mercenaries of the bucket brigade.

❖❖

A FRENCH automobile champion is named Szisz. Sounds like a St. Louis chauffeur on a jag.

❖❖

Cook's Victory

SAM B. COOK has lost more character—such as he had to lose—since his \$50,000 verdict against the *Post-Dispatch* than possibly he thought he had before the newspapers began to criticize him. The verdict doesn't so much matter. The hard luck for Cook is that the verdict only calls attention to the fact that the *P.-D.* made its case so strong that the public questions the means whereby the verdict so at variance with the facts was reached. The public is beginning to think the jury was "fixed." Cook's "victory" only makes him more suspected.

❖❖

GREAT boom for Taft. Justice Brewer says that he is the politest ever, having recently got up in a street car and given his seat to three ladies.

❖❖

STANFORD WHITE appears to have run free for a long time but at last he "got what was coming to him." Ditto, Harry Thaw. Everybody who dances pays the fiddler. Who joys in the wine o' nights must expect the headache in the morning. All of

which is as it should be in a world of law. But what we can't understand is that in so many instances the innocent suffer with and even more than the guilty, as Harry Thaw's mother and Stanford White's mother are suffering.

THE Ice Trust men are murderers of the babies. Herod is their patron-saint.

Now for three-cent fare in St. Louis, or municipally owned street railways.

CONGRESS didn't do all the President asked or intended, but it hit the plutes hard enough to turn their hearts towards Bryan. That's the answer to the charge that Roosevelt four-flushed and quit.

JUDGE LAMM, of the Missouri Supreme Court, is smashing corporation skullduggery. And he's a Republican, at that.

"Bed-tick Bill"

If we, the editor, have to stay here all this summer to lighten up the gloom for the city-bound, we will do it. But we want police protection. We cannot stand for those suits that bedeck the manly form of William Hyperbole Miltenberger. We call the attention of the police to the riotous raiment of "Bed-tick Bill" before it creates a row on Real Estate Row, where he already has the back-numbers in a state of infuriation by projecting each hour and erecting each week buildings taller even than his own talk. Furthermore, we call the attention of the aforesaid Mr. William Hyperbole Miltenberger to himself. He is naturally kind and gentle, but he subjects us, his hitherto and heretofore admirers, to cruel and unusual punishment for nothing when he appears in those summer suits he has latterly much affected.

THEY say that in the Thaw-White murder the Nesbit woman wasn't worth it. The woman the other fellow is stuck on, never is.

MURDERER BARRINGTON'S case goes to the United States Supreme Court. The British Vice-Consul here represents the British Minister as appealing in person to Chief Justice Fuller in the case. That can't be so. Supreme Court justices are not to be approached on the side, even by ambassadors, as to cases that may come before them, or if they are—Listen to *Ca ira* and the carmagnoles!

A Great Australasian

A GREAT man died at sea about two weeks ago. It was Premier Seddon, of New Zealand. No St. Louis daily paper has printed a line about the man and his career. For thirteen years he was the uncrowned king of New Zealand, and he rose to that eminence from having been almost a "sundowner," a sheep herder and common laborer. It was Seddon who made New Zealand the land of startling experiment. He believed in government control of industry, in compulsory arbitration, in the single tax theory, in old age pensions or state insurance, in the Socialist programme, in short, modified to practicality, brought down from ideazistic clouds to matter-of-fact conditions. While a Socialist, he was an intense Imperialist during the Boer war, and it was his distinction that under his auspices New Zealand sent more troops to Africa than any other of the colonies of the Empire. There was a rugged bigness about him, an infectious optimism. He was not a cultured man, but a man of deep and wide sympathies, and this, recognized by the people, enabled him

to become the father of his people, whose words were always hearkened unto at Westminster. After Cecil Rhodes, he was, without doubt, the most picturesque person of importance in the Empire. He was of the Rhodes stripe in the scope of his purposes, but he differed from Rhodes in that his humanity was deeper and his heart tenderer. New Zealand loved him, even though the people were conscious that in the enforcement of his programme he not seldom dragooned them, for he represented in his proportions of mind no less than those of his body, what they deemed to be the most typical qualities of their country, where nothing in the way of experiment in governmental paternalism is too dangerous to be tried. Just how far New Zealand has gone may be surmised from the article elsewhere in this issue by Florence Finch Kelly, though that article tells not the half of what has been done nor a tithe of the things in contemplation in the land where there has been made the steadiest, most strenuous, most intelligent effort yet recorded in the world's history towards the realization of theories for the making of the Earthly Paradise. Seddon will come into his fame in full towards the middle of this century, as the Jefferson of Australasia—a Jefferson with a strong infusion, too, of Andrew Jackson.

News dispatches say the President's "nerves have gone back on him," and he must have rest this summer at Oyster Bay. There's a devilish insinuation back of the dispatches, and it comes from the quarters where Roosevelt reforms have struck home. The President is not on the verge of irresponsible irritability. He is still "safe and sane."

THE Thaw-White murder case is another indictment of criminal wealth in this country. It suggests a hidden background of horrors rivaling Roman degeneracy.

FRANKLIN K. LANE goes on the Interstate Commerce Commission, and that means one man there, whom surely the railroads cannot reach with their influences of evil, while he is no maniacal foe of corporations as such.

Our Inconsistency

SOME one writes asking the editor of the MIRROR why, as a single taxer and public ownership man, he favors the Busch Manufacturer's Railway bill. That's easy. We don't believe the franchise "snaps" should go to anyone, but if a perverse and stiff-necked generation insists on giving franchises, we are human enough to wish to see our friends get them. The Buschs are good St. Louisans. We favor the home product capitalist as against the outsider. We don't believe that the Busch bill should be delayed on account of the free bridge to the end that the Terminal Association shall shut out the Busch enterprise and then, possibly, block the free bridge enterprise too.

SCARCITY of men in Kansas and Nebraska to handle the harvest. But that's nothing half so serious to the better half of this country as the scarcity of men to handle the summer girl at the pleasure resorts.

You Bet

PEOPLE who don't like Elbert Hubbard are always saying he can't write. So? Well, let those who have heard this said read the last issue of the *Philistine*, and especially his "Little Journey to the Home of Mary Baker Eddy." It is full of all kinds of writing, humor, fancy, irony, poetry, sentiment, philosophy, sarcasm and character. When "they" yelp "fakir!"

at Hubbard "they" advertise their asininity. He does think, he surely sees and can write—the blasted ornithorhynchus!

THERE are so many Populists in this country now that a Populist convention, like the one here last week, attracts no attention, no matter how nearly it approaches a political extravaganza. Indeed, whippers have long since ceased to be funny. The funny Populists now are the dress-suit, parlor Populists.

MR. BRYAN'S speech when he reaches New York will put an end to all talk of plutocratic support of his candidacy for President. He will rip up the back the vests of the vested interests with his views on public ownership, the judiciary, etc. Some of his newly converted big rich adulants had better re-read the Chicago platform and the back files of the *Com-moner*.

THE triumph of Cummins in Iowa means the collapse of stand patters. The tariff will be revised. It will be lucky if it be not "razooed."

Hitchcock

MORE we hear of Ethan Allan Hitchcock, Secretary of the Interior, the more we grieve that he cannot be warmed up for the race for the Republican Presidential nomination. As a scourge of thieves, he is second only to his fellow townsman, Folk. If he were not so "frosty" no one would surpass him as an available successor to Roosevelt as a party leader. He is not popular, save with the elect. The newspapers are just beginning to exhibit faint symptoms that they are about to discover Mr. Hitchcock. He can not only do things, but says things. His address to the Harvard gathering in accepting an LL. D. last Thursday is a strong plea for more moral stamina among the people. Mr. Hitchcock ranks with the best of the big men immediately under the President, and Missouri should be prouder of him than it is, and it would be if it were not hopelessly ring-ridden, in spite of Folk and Hadley.

THERE'S been a big shake up in the *Republic* office. Managing Editor Joseph A. Graham retires; Mr. Homer Bassford, editor, has gone to Europe for the summer, and former City Editor Daniel J. McAuliffe is in charge, second only to Director-in-Chief Charles W. Knapp. The shake up is a wake up.

Swat It

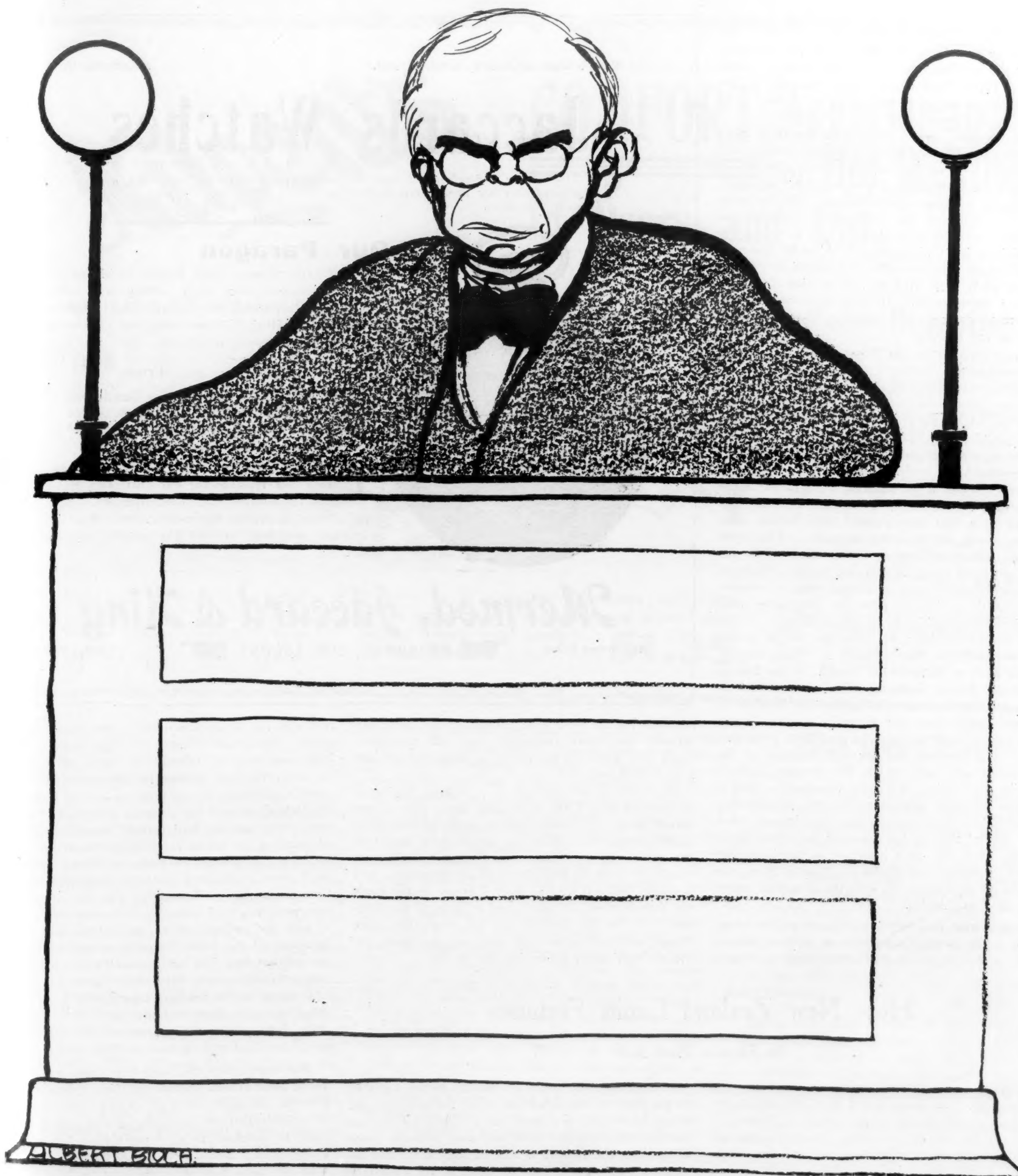
UNITED RAILWAYS and Suburban railroads have consolidated, or are consolidating. This establishes complete private monopoly of street railroads in St. Louis, along with complete monopoly in the same hands of gas and electric light services. There should be no complete monopoly of anything in private hands. The MIRROR is in favor of public ownership of public utilities.

Kindly Caricatures

[63] O'Neill Ryan

HAVING recently decided that, under Missouri law, a lawless Trust cannot appeal to the law it violates to collect indebtedness due it, Judge O'Neill Ryan soars into National fame. His law is good. The same decision was rendered in this State many years ago. Judge Ryan's ruling simply comes when public opinion and sentiment leap up to welcome it as a weapon wherewith to smite the Trust in the heart of its life—the pocket.

But O'Neill Ryan was famous before. There isn't an Irishman in any land beneath the sun that



Kindly Caricatures No. 63.

O'NEILL RYAN

doesn't know his name. He is a physical force man. His speeches breathe battle, murder and sudden death to the Sassenach. No peace party for him. Revolution is Erin's only remedy. And his speeches, inflammatory marvels, warm his Hibernian hearers' blood until they see red, for the beloved green and gold. He serves on committees, raises funds, hustles and bustles and rustles for the cause without

cease, and when he is announced as speaker, anywhere from Boston to Santa Barbara, the devoted Irish turn out for him as if they were the pikes that must be together at the rising of the moon. With a somewhat sharp metallic voice, oddly rhythmic sentences, a balancing from heel to toe, back and forward, and now and then a fervor that seems to approach hysteria, he is the most impassioned orator of the cause.

He does more to keep vital the Irish *propaganda par le fait* than ever did O'Donovan Rossa, or even the mysterious "Number One."

It may strike you as odd, this thing of a judge advocating war which is not quite revolution, and barely rises above murder; but he believes in it. His belief sanctifies it as the anarchist's belief sanctifies his bomb-throwing. It may be inconsistent, but it is

as natural to an Irishman, this hatred of England, as the vendetta is to the Sicilian or the bomb to the late Signor Morales. We hear much talk of repudiating the physical force, Irish movement. Heed it not. Without the physical force movement, "the men in the gap," Irish nationality as a motive in British politics would long since have died.

This rampant, almost rabid revolutionist, is, perhaps, the most dignified of all our circuit judges, and the strictest stickler for form. There is none on the bench that surpasses him in culture, in depth and breadth of general information. He is more aloof from influence than the others. He is companionable, sociable, even a jovial man at times, but he is rigidity itself when the talk skirts his position. The politicians who nominated and elected him found this out when they tried to talk to him about appointing a stenographer. He even drove two of them—Clan-na-Gael men, too,—from his office for simply broaching the subject.

More Catholic than the Pope—except where the Papacy comes into conflict with Irish aspirations—he infuses his Catholicism into his judicial decisions in the matter of divorce. Complaisant parties to divorces are frightfully ground in his court, and they seldom get by him to easy freedom. His *obiter dicta* on such cases are frequently quoted in press and pulpit everywhere.

Courage is one of his qualities. He dared, in the very height of the boodle excitement here to take the case of a rich man charged with bribery into his own hands and order his acquittal. This, with the press and public howling for convictions. It was a fine and brave thing, to defy the crowd's insistence upon punishment. It was of a piece with his tongue-lashing of the politicians from his office when they wanted to influence him to an appointment.

He knows the law; not only the law of precedents and decisions, but the inner heart and core of law, for he is a student what time he is not freeing Ireland and faying England. He was born here, in humble station, yet he is more aristocratic in his pose, in some ways, than, for instance, another circuit judge, whose family prominence goes back a hundred years. He has that old graceful elegance of the Irish gentleman, with which this country lost its touch in the passing of Daniel Dougherty. He is the associate and co-worker with the millionaires, the archbishops, the cardinal, and has, indeed, much of the clerical tinge in his character, but at the other extreme, he is the voice incarnate of the boys who finished Cavendish and Burke in Phoenix Park, and polished off that sorry job with the shot that settled Carey in South Africa.

Revolutionist and *dilletante*; Romanist, yet antagonistic to the church's opposition to political assassination; somewhat of an intellectual exquisite, with a

pendant for the proletarian plotter; coldly, judicially rational, yet hotly rhetorical; ice and fireworks; suave until stirred to the frenzy of eloquence—all this is O'Neill Ryan.

St. Louis knows him only as a judge. The Irish of America regard him as a racial hero—that is, one branch does. The other branch thinks of him unutterable iniquities. He is the typical Irish orator of the country to-day—outclassing Finnerty of Chicago, Wauhope Lynn, of Brooklyn, and all the others. And a mighty pleasant man to meet if you're in the mood for conversation and cigars and a "drop o' the crayther," for he has thought and felt many fine, high things, and does know how, with genuine grace, to "warm both hands before the fire of life."

How New Zealand Limits Fortunes

By Florence Finch Kelly

I HAVE just returned from an extended trip through New Zealand, and in all the time I was there I did not see, in city, town or country, a single person who did not have enough to eat and to wear, plenty of work at good pay and the will to do it. There are no beggars, there are no tramps, there are practically no unemployed, and there are no big fortunes. There is probably no one in the islands whose wealth exceeds a million dollars, and those whose possessions amount to that much are very few. When the Liberal Government came into power fifteen years ago the colony was in a very bad way. There were big landed estates and absentee owners, so that most of the wealth produced in the islands went overseas. Consequently industry had come to a standstill, and most of the workingmen had no

work. Those who could get enough money together to pay their passage were leaving by the shipload, and those who could not were being cared for by the Government in shelter sheds and soup kitchens. Since those days the created wealth of the colony has increased by £122,000,000, and there is no reason to suppose that if the Government had not interfered with the commercial laws of gravity a large part of that wealth would not have gone into the building up of big fortunes and commercial bodies more powerful than the Government.

One of the first things the Liberal Government did was to inaugurate the policy of the bursting up of the big landed estates. These have been bought—compulsorily if the owners were unwilling to sell—divided into small holdings and leased to actual settlers. In

this way the Government has resumed over 700,000 acres. The leasehold tenure for 999 years of these lands, and also of unimproved Crown lands, and a flat rental of 4 per cent on the unimproved valuation made it possible for any man, no matter how poor, to establish himself on a farm. Then the Government went into the business of loaning money, and advanced to the settler at 5 per cent. interest, reducible to 4½ by prompt payment, the money needed to get himself started and make his improvements. The Government Labor Department was run in co-operation with this land policy, and it made every effort to help the unemployed to get on the land. The Secretary of the Labor Department told me that he has put not less than ten thousand men on the land who otherwise could have done no better than to drift along on the perilous edge of day labor to fall into dire straits at the first calamity. This policy has made them independent, prosperous farmers, producers of wealth for themselves and the colony.

For some years the long term lease was the favorite form of land tenure, but there is now a strong growing sentiment in favor of the freehold, and it is probable that the Government will soon grant the right to purchase to all leaseholders; but it is determined that this shall not result in segregation of land into large holdings. Keeping the land as widely distributed as possible among the people is one of the means by which it controls the distribution of wealth. There is already a restriction upon the number of acres that may be acquired by either lease or purchase from the Crown. To forestall the danger of the building up of large estates which will come with the extension of the freehold, Government proposes to limit the amount of land that can be held by one person, by whatever title, or however acquired. The law, which the Government expects to

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enact at the next session of Parliament, will not affect existing titles, but will make invalid the title to any land in excess of, probably, 5,000 acres, which any one person may attempt to acquire.

Most systems of taxation are devised for the purpose of providing revenue, but it is characteristic of the New Zealand idea of the functions and purposes of government that the primary intention of its scheme of direct taxation is to provide another means of combatting the tendency of wealth to flow where wealth already is. There is no property tax, and there is no tax on improvements. The land tax is on the gross salable value of the land less the value of all improvements. In addition to the ordinary land tax there is a graduated land tax, which begins when the unimproved value of the land is \$2,500. Between this and \$3,500 the rate is one-eighth of a cent to the pound sterling, and above that value the rate increases by equal steps until it reaches six cents to the pound, payable when the value is a million dollars or more. Fifty per cent additional tax is levied upon absentee owners. Holdings of small value are exempt from ordinary land tax, the exemption amounting to \$2,500 where the unimproved value does not exceed 7,500, and gradually diminishing up to the value of \$12,500. This is in accordance with the settled policy of the Government to make it easy for the poor and difficult for the rich to increase their possessions. The result of the exemptions and deductions is that only one-fifth of the New Zealand land owners pay a land tax; but during the last ten years the number of land taxpayers has increased by 90 per cent.

The income tax is levied in conjunction with the graduated land tax, and is assessed on all income except that derived from land or from mortgages on land. This is exempt, of course, because its capital is assessed under the land tax. Incomes of less

than \$1,500 are exempt from the income tax, and there is a further deduction from all incomes of \$250 yearly for life insurance premiums. The rate of the tax for last year was 12 cents on the pound for the first taxable \$5,000 and 25 cents on the pound for all exceeding that amount—respectively, 2½ and 5 per cent. The number of income taxpayers is about one in 100 of the population. They have more than doubled in the last ten years, and in that time the receipts from the income tax have increased by 174 per cent. The Government officials think that their returns are remarkably complete, and do not believe that there is much, if any, evasion of the law. Inspecting officers verify returns at the taxpayer's domicile, and the commissioner can compel the production for their use of all books, balance sheets, stock sheets and other evidence of the taxpayer's income. The knowledge that this will be done, if necessary, and the penalties attached to refusal have had a wholesome moral effect, while the careful and systematic work of the inspectors, who also give instruction to taxpayers, when necessary, as to the keeping of simple forms of account which will facilitate the making of returns in correct form, and the system of revision and checking by comparison in the commissioner's office, have made the law very efficient in its practical workings. The land and income tax act has been in operation since 1891, and has therefore had ample time in which to be thoroughly tested. The large landholders naturally enough, do not like the graduated land tax, but there seems to be no dissatisfaction with the income tax in either principle or practice.

From the Independent.

CIRCUIT ATTORNEY SAGER has "gone after" the Ice Trust and the bucket shops. May he "get 'em" both and put 'em out of business. This is his chance to show Missouri, conclusively, that he fills the office once held by Folk. He can do it. More power to Sager!

Blue Jay's Chatter

Wrenny Jen:

I N me peignoir I write ye—briefly. (Enclosed find a pome from the MIRROR, called "Chemisette;" them's my sentiments these sultry days.) Divil the thing there's to tell ye, at all, at all. There's nothing but people asking ye if ye want to buy a nice horse or brougham or trap; everybody's cleaning out their stables to make room for automobiles. Everybody's trying to get arrested for speeding. You're not entitled to a place in Eddie Gould's "Blue Book" until you have been jerked up and fined, and had your name in the papers. Better still, get your chauffeur drunk and have him arrested for smashing your \$6,000 machine.

Really there ain't no news. Tom Harvey, the dear old-fashioned, high-toned bachelor lawyer, up and married pretty Helen Field, of McPherson avenue, and they're off on their honeymoon. Just think; Tom's resisted for thirty years; but he knew what he was waiting for. He sure did get one peach. And she got one lawyer that isn't a lawyer on the line of anything-for-the-stuff.

Clarkson Carpenter got his divorce from the Chicago girl. He couldn't get it until Boyle Price testified to his good character. Dear Doctor! Mrs. Carpenter that was, is in Chicago and isn't saying a word. You know it's unchivalric for a man to sue for divorce. He must always let the woman put him in the wrong. Therefore Clarkson's character isn't what it might be, in spite of Boyle Price's certificate that it's good.

The Charles H. Huttigs are off to Europe to be gone two months. The papers have published their

itinerary, which, I take it, means that it's their first trip abroad. Mrs. Huttig, a handsome, clever woman, is going to come to the front socially in a big way—to duplicate her husband's business success—when they get back. They have a big house and a lot of money, and they are both highly politic, and they'll be in the going—mark my words.

Our only society-politician, Ralph Coale, hasn't been a groomsman for five days. He's trying to be speaker of the House of Delegates or Congressman, but his social duties seem to interfere in some way. He bossed the job when Adrienne Lucas and Duncan Mellier shuffled off—I mean, got hitched. And it was a nice job, too, a modest little wedding without any frills or fandangoes. Ralph is determined to outshine the record of other local society men in politics—like Edgar Lackland, who's up in the Adirondacks, and young Mr. Hagerman, and Julius Birge. He appears to be succeeding.

Saw a letter the other day from Mrs. Teddy Scharer to Mrs. Trescott F. Chaplin, formerly Alice Luedeking. She says that if her father-in-law and mother-in-law had been made to order she couldn't have been better satisfied, and she's having a high old time in Stuttgart, under their auspices. But she often thinks of dear old St. Louis and—Belleville. Speaking of the dainty Minnie reminds me that Eddie Faust goes to join his wife and the Adolphus Buschs in Paris. Jim Harvey—who has always just left Murray Carleton or Rufus J. Lackland or E. C. Simmons before he meets you—goes with Eddie. Dr. Ernest Saxl goes to Prague, and Homer Bassford of the *Republic* sails by the same boat to meet Mr. W. J. Bryan on a mission from the *Republic*. Homer and Dr. Saxl are boon companions, you know. Maybe and Dr. will hire some foreign talent for the Choral Skymphony concertinas this coming season. Mrs. Tony Faust, Jr., who was the charming Adine Bouvier, is house hunting. They are to quit the Southern and take a little house in a swell neighborhood of the West End. And the Tony Faust's, Sr., with Mrs. Giannini and her daughter, Vera, sail homeward



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OLIVE—BROADWAY—LOCUST.

the middle of August. (It's awful to be writing about these Buschs and Faustus on a Sunday—with the lid—and nothing much else—on. It does give one an awful thirst through association of ideas.) Dr. Teichmann goes over to Germany soon, to a consulate Erbenstock, where he'll be near the archives from which he must gather data for a big historical work on which he is engaged.

A lot of our people have taken to summering in British Columbia, up around Banff and Calgary and such places. The Joel Woods are up there now, and the Frank O'Fallons are to follow shortly, and there are several other noted St. Louisans who are headed in that direction. All St. Louis used to go to Coburg, Canada, which was the headquarters of the Wells and the Bells and other swells. I believe, by the way, that the pretty woman that was Katharine Servis, later Mrs. Alex. Vest, is living up in that part of the Dominion and retains all her old-time brunette charm.

Mr. George Warren Brown is back in town after a trip to Baltimore, where he underwent a severe surgical operation, upon the outcome of which his family and their connections hung for some days in great anxiety and distress of mind. George Warren is himself again, and everybody is happy.

There's a little woman who has been doing much flirting at the Alps this season, who has just left for the seashore, or the lakes, or somewhere, and the man who has been so attentive to her for three years and more has disappeared unexpectedly, and when last seen was on a train with a ticket for the place the married woman is said to be. A friend of his met him on the train and telegraphed the information to a chum here, and the telegram was passed around one day at the Planters during the noon hour. And it was passed to the little woman's husband among others, but he didn't see the point or hear the gasp of the crowd when it realized that the telegram might convey to him much more than its simple words—"X on this train bound for B—." Aren't men the careless things when a woman is involved?

A lot of our younger folks are having great times this summer on the Meramec—boating and riding—paddling and saddling. There are two clubs down there. They can be reached by auto in a half hour



Our Clearing Sale is now in full bloom. All garments are reduced to a price which will make a quick clearing; prices are cut to fully two-thirds of the cost, while the garments are of the most up-to-date models, and of fabrics for the hot weather. No such garment bargains will be found in any house in the City.

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easily. The scenery is wild and sweet, and there aren't any rubber necks, and the lid doesn't apply, and the "cut ups" run free without further check than the ethical limits set by Dave Fentress or Murray Carleton, Jr., or Paul Brown, Jr. The canoeing on the swift stream is fine and—dangerous; but the girls don't care for the danger of venturing upon a treacherous current in a frail bark after the paddler has had eleven high-balls. The Meramec has just been discovered by our local swell sports, and is being made use of. Jane, when St. Louisans get to know what they have in scenery, waters, mountains and all

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that at their back door, they never will go away for the summer. St. Louis, Jefferson, St. Charles, Franklin and other near-by counties have the most beautiful spots imaginable for country homes, clubs, fishing and boating and hunting.

All the fashionable hotels are kicking, because rich women have taken to washing their own waists in their rooms, and ironing them with electric irons. The lingerie waists are a great source of income to the laundries, for it is expensive to have them done up, and so the rich and stingy women are doing their own laundry work in the hotels.

✱

Davvy, you know little Davvy, otherwise, J. E. Davenport, the dainty, diminutive, drily comical Davvy, known and liked of all the railroad world. Well, he's going to be married again to a young and charming widow who adds to her other accomplishments and adornments, the fact that she's a sister-in-law of Bert Parkell. She's a Mrs. Tate, or Tait—but what's the difference what her name is now, since she's to change it so soon? Davvy is a widower, you know, and his new venture is the usual highest tribute to our sex.

✱

A nasty story comes out that Dick Kerens tried to have Tom Niedringhaus barred out of the Union League Club in New York City because Niedringhaus beat him for Senator from Missouri. But Kerens beat Niedringhaus for Senator by bolting the caucus, and that ought to have squared things. It would, too, if Kerens wasn't the fice that he is in most things. To make social war on a man for political differences,—well, it shows that Kerens hasn't yet been acclimatized in good society. 'Tis a vulgar trick at very best, and it makes us sigh with relief to think that Kerens didn't get to the Senate.

and live here while Mr. Beggs bosses the street railroads, now that the Suburban has been gobbled by the United Railways. The Beggses are said to know the social game and to play it without limit. They'll need to play it fine to make the monopoly go down with the best people. St. Louis doesn't like to see the Julius S. Walshs and that sort of folks gobbled up by a big trust, and with the Walshes out there will be a lack of social support of the new arrangement. Social standing of men like Mr. Walsh did much to make the people tolerant of conditions, but with strangers owning all our street car lines and our own big rich out of the high places, there'll be no imposing personalities to protect the property from politics that may destroy them. The Beggses will find their work cut out for them. We are not inclined to like new bosses we don't know, but to swat 'em at every chance.

BLUE JAY.

The Midasian Microbe

By Ernest McGaffey

WHEN Silenus, a drunken attendant of Bacchus, and closely allied to the Satyrs, was staggering about in the domain of Midas, King of the Phrygians, the country people met him, and, binding him with his own garlands, led him before their king. Midas entertained him for awhile, and then conducted him to Bacchus. That worthy, himself the god of drunkards, was so grateful to Midas that he asked the King to name any gift he might desire. Midas, who was afflicted with the microbe of wealth, asked that everything he touched might turn into gold, and the wish was granted.

Coming down to more modern days, the Midasian

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is proving a constant and increasing source of wonderment and delight to all musicians and music-lovers. Scientific experiments and acoustical researches have determined the exact size, namely, **five feet ten inches**, necessary to reproduce the remarkable attributes and qualities of our Grand Pianos. Any Grand under this size crosses the danger line as it cannot yield a tonal result superior to that of the discarded Square or the present Upright Piano. The full, rich and sweet tone of the Steinway Miniature Grand and its

dainty appearance are already giving the utmost satisfaction to thousands of purchasers, and we recommend a thorough examination and trial of this unique instrument to anybody desirous of possessing a Grand Piano, but who does not wish to exceed the investment of \$750 in a Piano Purchase.



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microbe has developed in more or less virulent form, and has been the disease from which all nations have suffered most poignantly ever since. It has made monsters of men, it has brought blood and fire in its train, it has been the origin of war, pestilence, famine, ship-wreck, and misery untold. Those who are bitten by this deadly parasite grow gray in years and palsied in motion without being able to shake it off. In fact, it grows more powerful with age, blotting out all human instincts and reducing the victim to a money-making machine, without any more conscience or humanity than your mere spindle, loom, or any other engine of industry.

It substitutes for the worship of God, the worship of country or the worship of mankind, an idolatrous devotion to money. In days after the times of Midas, certain Israelites set up in the wilderness a statue of a golden calf and bowed down before it. This was an ebullition of the Midasian microbe. The Jews have, therefore, been most unjustly accused of having the Midasian microbe in more overwhelming numbers than other peoples. Whatever may have possibly been the case heretofore, there is now no nation on the entire globe which is more completely under the domination of this microbe than the American nation.

Liberty, justice, humanity, literature and art,—all are poisoned with the insidious venom of this parasite; and it governs alike the highest tribunals of the land, the halls of Congress and the Senate; and even the alleged followers of the Nazarene are vassals of its beck and nod, themselves the most fawning and hypocritical slaves of its whims.

Specialists whose conclusions cannot be doubted, have diagnosed the case of the American people, and have classified and separated the species of the Midasian microbe which now runs rampant through the

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\$2.50 Cotton Underwear, now\$1.95
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The usual summer dull season being upon us, we sharpen demand by whittling prices. And to make sales doubly quick, we cut prices to the quick—forgetting profit—ignoring first costs—realizing only that we must clean our counters for the big Fall shipments that within a few days will begin to appear upon the scene.

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\$3.00 Straw Hats for\$2.45! \$10.00 Straw Hats for\$6.50!

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life-blood of the nation, and its shape is authoritatively announced as this—\$\$\$\$. Once it fastens to an individual, it seems almost impossible to be shaken off, and as the presence of the microbe is almost universal, there is grave doubt as to the recovery of not only countless thousands of individuals but to the very nation itself. It is well to remember, in the beginning, the origin of this microbe. It sprang from a Satyr, it was bestowed by a drunkard, and it was craved by a miser. It combines, therefore, the most hideous and revolting circumstances of birth. And, as no stream is higher than its source, so can you trace in its influence, the leer of the satyr, the insanity of the drunkard, and the heartlessness of the miser.

The basic principle on which the Midasian microbe works is, that "a poor man has no rights which a rich man is bound to respect." This principle emanating from the so-called Supreme Court of the United States, down through all the courts of the land, has obtained a thorough and comprehensive control of the legal machinery of the land, so that when we speak of an ordinary man going to "law" for his rights, it is to laugh, as the French say. Those very same French, *en passant*, were once afflicted, in a most virulent form, with an aristocratic form of the Midasian microbe. They cured it by heroic treatment.

In the legislative branches of Government this microbe has also commanding influence. Time was when Senators and members of Congress were chosen for their qualities of intellect, statesmanship, and patriotism. But these are mere bagatelles in our day. The real requirements are, first, money; second, a desire to pose as a Senator or Congressman. The rest is ridiculously easy.

Literature has degenerated, by reason of the Midasian microbe running riot among publishers and the public, into a mere matter of money. The dollar is the acknowledged and appraised standard. Hence there is no achievement, no enthusiasm, no future in America for the humanizing effect of genuine literature. Fakery, charlatanism, and ignorance are the leading characteristics of latter-day American books. As for the magazines, they are mostly too busily engaged in either exploiting or deploring the various ramifications and evidences of the Midasian microbe to allow for the introduction of even homeopathic doses of pure literature.

Liberty, which was the most precious heirloom from the fathers, has now dwindled to a mere thread, a shadow of its former self. We have a moneyed nobility and, in time, I see no reason to doubt that the rule of *lese majeste* will apply. We have a restriction of liberty for the poor man and the widest possible license for the rich man. When this is said there will be, as usual, a cry of setting "the masses against the classes" and the threadbare charge of demagoguery. Patrick Henry was accused of both demagoguery and treason. But history vindicated his judgment. And the assembling of the men on Concord Green, in defiance of king-craft and oppression was an armed opposition of "the masses against the classes."

It is idle to talk of preventing what has already happened. The Midasian microbe has even now accomplished its diabolical mission. The masses are against the classes both in the city and in the country, and the spark to light the fire—where is it now smouldering?

Wherever it glows, be sure it does not concern itself with words. It knows that never yet was great reform accomplished with tongue or pen. The iron hand of history has written all such movements in the vernacular of deeds.

*"By the rude bridge that arched the flood
Their flag to April's breeze unfurled,
Here once the embattled farmers stood
And fired the shot heard round the world."*

And so, call it treason, call it demagoguery, call it the setting of "the masses against the classes"—call it anything you like, the eradication of the Midasian afflicted, will never be accomplished thoroughly and completely, until the caustic cure is applied.

The counter-irritant—the hair of the dog that bites us—the shock of battle if you please, must microbe, with which this nation is now most sorely mark the extinction of that which clutches at the throat of American liberty; that makes the word "freedom" a hissing and a by-word in the land.

❖❖

Mrs. Klubbs (severely)—"I've been lying awake these three hours waiting for you to come home."
Mr. Klubbs (ruefully)—"Gee! And I've been staying away three hours waiting for you to go to sleep."
Cleveland Leader.

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Aesthetics of the Automobile

THE motor undoubtedly appeals to the ear; unfortunately it too often appeals to the nose; will it ever appeal to the eye? As it is, the eye may treat it with indifference; for if not a delight it is not an offence. We are outgrowing the uncomfortable sense of incompleteness which a carriage without a horse or an engine stirred in us at first. The pioneer motorists, on the box, in the driver's seat, but with nothing to drive, as it looked, were common laughing-stock. They seemed persons perpetually left, miserable fragments sitting on the edge of space; or diners sitting up to the table with no table before them. In the vulgar way what was new was to all of us ridiculous. The unaccustomed thing, of course, must be absurd. We had never seen carriages without something in front of them; we made the mistake of the poor Indian, who took the Spanish horse and driver for one ani-

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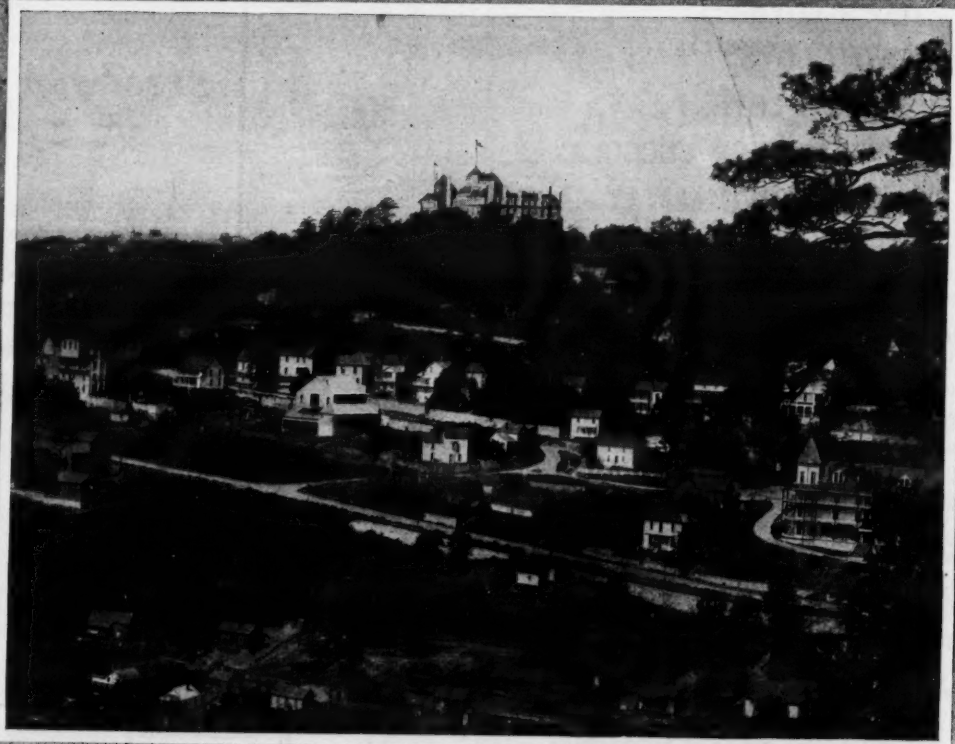
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mal; a blunder we had smiled down on with our superior wisdom for generations; we took carriage and horse for one thing; or at any rate, to put it in the way most favorable to our intelligence, we regarded the horse as an inseparable accident of a carriage in motion. Now we are accustomed to a carriage that moves of itself, and it no longer strikes us as a thing to be jeered at. But can we regard it as beautiful? The engineer and the mechanic may; for beauty to him is a technical term meaning fitness, perfection. But can the artist ever make anything of a motor? The attempt in this year's Academy is not encouraging. That there really is a deficiency on the beauty side motorists are all of them uneasily conscious. In point of beauty the horselessness is all loss. They have always felt this. At the beginning they meet one in the frankest way. "Show us any form the motor can take that would look better than the carriage." And boat-shapes were suggested and swan-motors and fishes. But fishes and boats on land would be as bizarre as the self-moving coach; and swans ashore are not graceful any way. It could not be done; the horseless carriage had to be. And it remains; not funny, nor foolish, nor necessarily ugly, but certainly no beauty.

Can nothing be done for it? Why not a figure-head? Why not have something pretty, something that at any rate represents something, in the place where the beauty of the thing, the horse, used to be? What good would it be? Well, no good, to a man who has no eye. What good was a figure-head to a ship? Yet for appearance sake a car wants a figure-head more than a ship, for the ship form naturally converges in front to a beautiful finish. The clumsiest ship, even the homely fishing smack, has none of the unpleasant effect produced by the abrupt, cut off, straight line that makes a motor's front. A motor suffers from having no physiognomy. But every ship, as every locomotive engine, has a distinct physiognomy. And a figure-head would make up for this deficiency in the motor. But figure-heads, somebody may say, were not merely ornamental in ships; they helped description and identification. Precisely, and they would do the same for motors; a consideration which will perhaps appeal more to the public than to the motorist.

But think what a field this opens up for heraldry. Arms and crests, which now have none but antiquarian significance, become alive; they might almost be useful. There would be quite good sense in a man's motor carrying his crest as a figure-head. What an opening for the new snob. What glory to be able



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ONE I LOVE,
TWO I LOVE,
THREE I LOVE, I SAY,
BLANKE-WENNEKER CHOCOLATES
I WILL LOVE ALWAY.

to mount a life-sized golden eagle contemplating the sun, or rather the clouds in England. Or a golden lion erect rampaging fiercely in the air. There is the danger. The rich cad would so flaunt his figure-head that gentlemen would be shy of showing one. But for once let the decent people hold their own and decline to be pushed off the road by the vulgar hustler. A standard of good taste would grow up and become established.

From the point of view of appearance figure-heads, artistically wrought and fitted, would be capable of great things. An eagle, wings full-spread, a brilliant butterfly, a winged griffin, paradise bird, Valkyrie; there is room for endless variety of design. The emulation amongst motorists would be great. We could have shows of figure-heads. Think of the work for artists to design them; and the industry their making would stimulate. Would they interfere with speed? That should depend on their fitting to the car; they should not. Of course, if a man in his zeal to be conspicuous puts on a colossal golden elephant, his speed will be retarded; but a reasonable Pegasus, say, with wings drawn back at the right angle to cut the air, would be no encumbrance.

Nor need figure-heads be restricted to private motors. What more reasonable than that every motor company should have its own sign? Certainly there would be no difficulty in finding apt figures. Put a rhinoceros head with a terrific horn on to a motor-bus and you have the beast to perfection. Or an elephant's head; the motor-bus is a huge earth-shaking beast, if there was ever one. The boar's head, too, would be quite to the point; and perhaps more than any, the hippopotamus; or a crocodile.

From the Saturday Review.

THE wife of a distinguished attorney, connected with the law department of the Southern Pacific company, took a sympathetic interest in the refugees



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gathered in Golden Gate park just after the earthquake, and one day while making the rounds to learn how some of the poor women were faring she entered into conversation with a middle-aged Irish woman who had given birth to a child on the day of the earthquake.

"Are they treating you well?" the attorney's wife asked.

"Treating me well?" exclaimed the refugee mother in joyous tones. "Well, me child was bor-rrn five days ago and I haven't had to do a lick of wur-rk since."—*Town Talk.*

THE new cook was helping her mistress to prepare dinner. All went well until the macaroni for the pudding was brought out. The cook glowed with surprise as she beheld the long white sticks. But when they were carefully placed in water she gave a choking gasp. "Did you say, missus?" she said, in an awed voice, "that you are goin' to make puddin' out of that?" "Yes, Jane," was the reply, "that is what I intend to do. Have you never seen macaroni cooked, before?" "No, ma'am," answered the cook, "I ain't. The last place I was at we always used them things to light the gas with."

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Women and Chess

Chicago, June 23d, 1906.

To the Editor of the Mirror:

Your paper believes in the ballot for women. Your paper believes in the equality of women. Well, let me ask you, why hasn't woman, if she's equal to man, made a better showing at the most intellectual of games—chess?

Women have always played and taken part in the game, though probably never to the same extent as now. It is, therefore, remarkable that in the whole of its enormous literature there does not appear the name of any woman among the stars of the first, second, or third magnitude. One may go through volume after volume containing thousands of games and not find a single one played by women which any editor has thought worthy of a permanent record.

Does not this argue woman's intellectual inferiority of man?

CHECKMATE.

[Let's see about this. The world's greatest chess player, Paul Morphy, was an idiot. There are intellectual men who can't play chess. Most chess players are not strictly intellectual men. There's a streak of freak in most of them, from Steinitz to Lasker. Our own Max Judd was a good business man, but no intellectual giant, no Spinoza, no Scaliger. The late Charles Pillsbury's gift was useless, and ended in insanity.]

Few women play chess, comparatively speaking. So few that none is great. Women play chess with women mostly, and few women really care for chess. They do occasionally care madly for bridge or poker and become both fiends and experts. There are women sharpers at bridge and poker. A recent writer says: "A careful examination of the games of players whom the world recognizes as great reveals the fact that the faculties and qualities of concentration, comprehensiveness, impartiality, and above all a spark of originality, are to be found in combination and in varying degrees. The absence of these qualities in woman explains why no member of the feminine sex has occupied any high position as a chess player."

The same writer, in the London *Saturday Review*, says: "There are many women who are earnest students of chess, whose knowledge of the theory, principles, and all the accoutrements of the game, is phenomenal. But mere knowledge can make nobody great. Taking results, good judgment is much superior to knowledge imperfectly applied. In bridge the same thing appears. Every player will always admit that he prefers a partner with fair judgment to one who knows every book on the game and every convention that has been established, but who, nevertheless, has not got enough judgment to apply his knowledge at the right time."

"It might be said that all the before-mentioned qualities are necessary in other walks of life where women do hold their own. But there is a very important difference between chess and other arts. It takes two to play a game of chess, and what is more, they have to oppose each other. And it might be observed, incidentally, that the critic cannot make or mar the reputation of a chess player in the same way as it is alleged he has the power in the arts, on the stage or in literature. Results are the things which count in chess. Void of any element of luck, winning is the only absolute test of superiority at the time.

"In the composition of chess problems, the element of competition is absent, and many women are considered good composers. Here the critic can and does exert a little influence. But when we look at the winners of tournaments for composing problems the

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names of women are again conspicuous by their absence.

"It seems quite clear that women have so far been unable to hold their own in open competition. Whether, or to what extent, it is a matter of physical constitution, we are unable to say. But a change in the spirit of women chess players might work wonders. The existence of 'ladies' chess clubs' is a means of perpetuating mediocrity among its members. Of course, if exclusiveness is more important to them than improved play they will continue in this way. If any women have any idea or ambition of holding a high position in the chess world apart and independent of sex, they will endeavor to meet all comers in practice, and so pave the way to take part in general tournaments. No player has ever existed who has been more than a shade superior to his contemporaries, and if women

continue to play only with women the best of them cannot hold their own in a general tournament, because of the poor standard of the play they have been engaged in."

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SUBURBAN TO-NIGHT
AT 8:15 SHARP
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Secure seats at Bollman's and avoid the box office rush
Next—"MADAME SANS GENE"

Summer Shows

Almost anything in the entertainment line passes muster this sweltering weather, in the cool recesses of summer garden theaters. That's about the only explanation of the attractiveness of "The Frisky Mrs. Johnson" at the Suburban this week. The piece is one of these actionless packages of Fitch dialogue that is wearing on the nerves. Its presentation, however, is as artistic as the material at hand will permit. Miss Bingham approaches the comedienne part of *Mrs. Johnson* with capacity and some success. She has good support from Mr. Walter Edwards, Mr. Harry Fenwick and Mr. Morris McHugh. Miss Adelyn Wesley, as the flirtatious *Mrs. Chardley*, is amusing. On the whole, the acting is clever, but the piece is trifling and lacking in everything but some bright lines.

Next Week "Mme. Sans Gene," the play of the Napoleonic period, will be put on with Miss Bingham in the leading role.

Real musical comedy, though of ancient vintage, is pleasing the crowds at Delmar. "The Mikado" has that delightful snap and rhythm which distinguishes it from the products of other musical comedy builders, and it has the advantage of continuous popularity. The public is as familiar with it as the producing company. Its production at Delmar this week is done up to the hilt. William Herman West, a finished actor of the lyric stage, takes the title role with his usual grace and finesse, and John E. Young is a great hit in the comedy part of *Ko Ko*. Cecilia Rhoda has the best of the beautiful *Yum Yums* of the past tied, and Stella Tracey and Pearl Revare are fascinatingly oriental in their respective roles of *Pitti Sing* and *Peep Bo*. In fact, the entire company scores in the Gilbert and Sullivan masterpiece. And the revival seems to be a popular one.

"The Runaway Girl" next week.

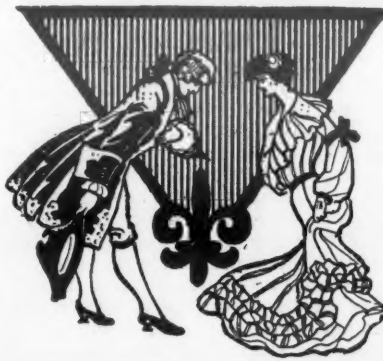
"Papinta's" dancing and Miss Dahl's singing are leading features of a generally high class bill at Forest Park Highlands. "Papinta" has elaborated her fire and mirror dances for this week's engagement. Miss Dahl, who divides the honors with her, is the possessor of a rich soprano voice, to which her repertoire of songs is admirably suited. This is Miss Dahl's first appearance here. Other features of the vaudeville bill are the comedy stunts of Messrs. La Vine and Leonard, the specialties of Messrs. Austin and Bailey, "The American Beauties," and the singing of the Bowery Boys' quartette. The music, by Prof. Erlinger's band, pleases the Highland's patrons immensely.

Melodic mint-juleps are on tap at the Alps this week. Helen Bertram and Miss Ila Burnap are supplying them. Miss Bertram sings popular ballads with rare gusto, her rendition of "Dearie" by request being one of the hits of the Sunday night performance. Miss Burnap, who is pretty and the possessor of a soprano voice of apparently limitless range and sweetness, appears in the more pretentious numbers, including operatic and other selections. This is Miss Burnap's initial appearance in St. Louis, and she is already on good terms with the lovers of high class vocal music. The attendance at the Alps climbs with the mercury.

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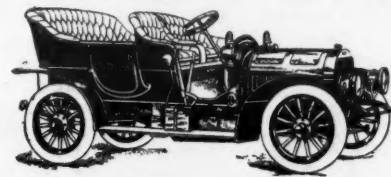
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United Railways-Suburban Deal

BY FRANCIS A. HOUSE.

The United Railways Company is about to acquire full control of the St. Louis & Suburban Street Railway system. About 475 miles of track will be owned and operated by the consolidated lines. The total bond and stock capitalization of the United Railways Company is \$97,000,000, while that of the St. Louis & Suburban is \$11,500,000. This latest financial coup in this burg will cause no surprise. It had been foreseen since 1898, when the United Railways Company was organized. In fact, the consolidation was inevitable. It would not have done for the North American Company to leave in existence an independent property in St. Louis.

Under the arrangement in regard to the consolidation, United Railways preferred is to be given in exchange for Suburban stock, share for share, but the United Railways preferred given in such exchange is to receive no dividends until January 1, 1908. The interest and principal of the Suburban general mortgage 5 per cent bonds, of which \$4,500,000 are outstanding, (while \$3,000,000 remain reserved to take up the bonds of subsidiary lines as they fall due), will be guaranteed by the United Railways Co. There is \$4,000,000 Suburban stock outstanding, out of a total authorized issue of \$7,500,000.

The United Railways Company's preferred stock amounts to \$20,000,000, of which \$12,983,000 is outstanding. The company pays 5 per cent yearly dividends on these shares. The total authorized and outstanding common stock aggregates \$25,000,000. On the latter shares no dividend has ever been paid. In accordance with the details of the recent reorganization of the United Railways Company, by which the Transit Company was deprived of its rights to operate the leased United Railways lines, the common stock was placed in a voting trust, whereby the holders of the certificates will have no voice in the management for a period of five years. The earnings of the United Railways system have shown considerable improvement for some time, but there is as yet no reason to expect the payment of dividends on the common within measurable distance of time.

As above stated, the total bonded and stock capitalization of the United Railways Company aggregates \$97,000,000. It is beyond controversy to assert that about \$40,000,000 of this amount represents nothing else than unadulterated water. But for this over-capitalization the company should be able to pay substantial dividends to both preferred and common shareholders. The capitalization per mile of the United Railways Company approximates \$27,000. The per mile capitalization of the Suburban approaches \$11,000. The Suburban figures seem decidedly more favorable, but, when closely considered, they are found equally as bad as those of the other company. Why? Because the United Railways lines are much more productive than the Suburban's.

The Suburban has never been in position to pay a cent on its capital stock. The stock is closely held at the present time by prominent St. Louisans. It was different in the early part of the last decade, when it was used to be hawked about the streets in the financial district at from \$10 to \$15 per share. Its prevailing quotation is about \$65 per share. But it sold at much higher figures some years ago, when there were people in this town who imagined they would obtain a big bargain if they bought the shares at \$90.

United Railways preferred is now selling at about \$80.50 per share. Some

time ago it found eager purchasers at figures not much below \$90. As a guaranteed 5 per cent stock, it should certainly be worth more. But it would seem that prudent investors have grown highly skeptical about guaranties and guarantors in recent times. As to United Railways common, prospects are not particularly flattering at the present time. The legal representative of the United Railways Company only lately vehemently asseverated before the State's taxing authorities that the common shares were absolutely worthless, and that the North American purchased them merely because it was anxious to obtain control of the company. Yet this very same stock has been boosted since December, 1905, from 30 to 62. The propelling motive in this hoisting process must be sought in better earnings, and, also, in roseate anticipations as to the outcome of the absorption of the Suburban system. Since the announcement of the latest "deal," the common has dropped about five points. Some well-reasoning holders have, no doubt, come to the conclusion that the "deal" minimizes the dividend-prospects of the common still more. The United Railways will be obliged to pay \$200,000 more in dividends on its preferred stock every year from January 1, 1908.

The history of the street car companies in this city is marred by decidedly unpleasant and unsavory features. That of the United Railways Company comprises a scandalous series of boodle, graft, knavish tricks and disreputable financiering. The organization of the Transit Company had only one single purpose: that of enabling promoters and insiders to realize on their outrageously watered stock. I have it from a first-class source that one of these parties, who stands high in the esteem of his unknowing fellow-citizens as one of our most honorable and progressive merchant-bankers, made it a point to be reputed as a heavy buyer of Transit stock when it sold at around 35, in 1901, for the shrewd purpose of facilitating the process of "unloading." It draws the "suckers" when they hear of large purchasing orders for wealthy insiders.

And what about that Brown Bros.' reorganization "deal?" Did you ever hear of anything more brazen in its audacious effrontery, in its ruthless despoiling of ill-informed and misguided people? If all the details of the reorganization were known, some of our eminent financiers and learned lawyers would not have a shred of reputation to stand on. That "deal" went through without much of a hitch. Brown Bros.' certificates figured conspicuously in



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stock exchange transactions. Brown Bros. make a specialty of things of that sort. They thrive on other people's misfortunes. Your great, successful financiers and lawyers are powerfully drawn by carcasses of properties, "for wheresoever the carcass is, there will the vultures be gathered together." There's any number of people in this burg who surely got the hot end of the poker in this Transit business. The whole thing was planned and executed with an astounding boldness of finesse. That group of allied financiers and lawyers can give cards and spades to J. P. Morgan, so far as reorganizing decaying properties is concerned.

Behind it all stood the North American Company. That concern, which makes a business of holding control of other companies, particularly of public utilities, for investment, had its corporate mind made up to acquire the street railway properties of St. Louis. And local financiers offered their assistance. The Transit Company was loaded down with financial burdens until its complete downfall was rendered absolutely certain. The company issued bonds and notes galore. In other words, it was driven to corporate suicide, to further the schemes of some insiders and the North American Company. When fixed charges and the guaranteed dividend on United Railways preferred could no longer be paid, Brown Bros., who had complacently invited the crisis, were called in consultation. And

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it was decided to declare the Transit Company's lease forfeited, and to vest full control in the United Railways Co. Transit stock was ordered to be given up in exchange for United Railways common on a basis that did great credit to the business thrift of the reorganization syndicate, although it induced groaning and gnashing of teeth among the unfortunate victims. To make the story short, the North American soon acquired the coveted control of the property by buying a majority of the common stock at prices certainly low enough to make such a transaction both tempting and profitable.

The North American has been in undisputed control of the local lighting field. It owns the Union Electric Light & Power and the Laclede Gas-light Companies. It is now likewise in full possession of the street car systems. It has a splendid "cinch" on the town's public utilities. It owns similar properties in Milwaukee, Detroit, Cincinnati and other cities.

Is it fair, is it desirable that our public utilities should be held by outside corporations, even if local parties are represented on the latter's boards of directors? Most assuredly not. Public service properties should be owned at home, by resident investors, or, if not that, should be owned and operated by municipalities themselves. And, in connection with this, it may be well to note the significant fact that a movement has been started in Massachusetts to pass legislation excluding outside corporations from acquiring control of public utilities within the State.



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